

## Dad 50 Question Life Sketch

On September 27th 1945 I was born in Moab Utah just as the 8:00 o'clock siren blew. I was given the name of Grant Kirk Nielson, but when I was blessed by my uncle Lawrence Black, he blessed me as Kirk Grant Nielson. So on the church records I'm Kirk Grant and on my birth certificate I am Grant Kirk, and that's the name I used throughout my life. I don't know why I was born in Moab because we had a hospital in Monticello where I lived. I don't exactly know how they chose my name, but I do have an uncle Kirk (dad's youngest brother) and I heard once that I was named Grant because of a friend dad had in Blanding. Dad moved from Bluff to Monticello. Dad was in the ranching and cattle business and at the time he became acquainted with judge Fred Keller and became the foreman of his ranch. That was the beginning of a lifelong friendship and business associate. Dad's ranch was where the golf course is located now, and Fred's ranch was five miles north of Monticello, just east of the airport. When dad moved to Monticello, he met mother. She was working in the cafe as a waitress. They married August 24th, 1939 in Durango Co. Dad was 33 years old when he got married. Mom was 36. At the time there were no other family members in Monticello that I'm aware of. The first house that I remember living in was just a block east of the stoplight on the highway towards Colorado. It was a small 3 bedroom house with one bathroom. We had indoor plumbing and electricity. We had a rotary telephone. When we wanted to call someone, we had to dial the office and the operator would ask for a number which was a symbol like R-79. Then the operator would connect us to that number. If we didn't know the number, we would tell the operator who we want to talk to. She knew all the numbers of everyone in town and would connect us right up. In 1951 mom and dad built a new home two blocks west of the stop light. It had a large living room with a big fireplace. The entry had a nice stone planter in the corner. By the planter was a telephone chair where we would sit and make calls and talk on the phone. It was still the rotary dial phone. There was a wall that ran between the bedroom and the bath. On one side and the dining room office and kitchen and table on the other. We had three beds and a large bath. Mom and dad had the first bedroom, and the second bedroom was usually a spare for visitors. Judge Keller would come from Price quite often for court cases and check on the ranch and he would sleep in the spare bedroom. Then the bathroom and then clear bedroom. At the end of this hall was the door to the basement. In the basement we had two bedrooms. One bedroom and a large room area and it largely inference room. All bottled a lot of fruit and we would have that room full most of the time period also bottle meat. Both beef and venison. Our kitchen was large and had a peninsula where we could sit up to. The tile in the kitchen was green and black and our bathroom was pink and baby blue (pretty wild). Off from the kitchen was the laundry room and 1/2 bath. Then there was the back door. Steve had just finished his technical College in electrical, so he wired the house and installed the touch plate lighting in the house. Mom had the master switch panel in her bedroom. She could turn on anything in the house from her bedroom. Mom loved roses and had a lot of rose bushes around the house. We were one of the first homes to have a TV in Monticello. Steve bought a TV then we put a TV antenna on a 15 foot pole on the side of our house and pointed it towards Albuquerque NM. When the wind blew hard, which was all the time, it would turn the antenna so then we would need to go outside and turn it back. The pictures on the TV usually had a lot of snow on them. The fireplace was the major source of heat for our house. So, dad and I spent a lot of time gathering wood for winter. We would get two or three truck loads of wood to last us through the winter. Then we could chop it so it would fit in the fireplace. It was hard work but worth it when winter came.

When I was young some of my best memories was going to the ranch with dad and riding on the tractor, and dad letting me drive. He would also let me sit on his lap and drive the pick up. I also loved to ride so dad would take me to the cows to move them to a different fields. I also liked the branding. We would

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put them in, and then and throw them down, then hold them down while we gave them shots, dehorned them and branded them. Our brand was a T up and T down and a bar. Fred's brand was a triangle, K and bar.

When we went to the ranch we always carried a .22 rifle to kill prairie dogs and rabbits. One time we were rounding up the cows. I was trying to get one back in the herd, and my horse stepped in a prairie dog hole and fell throwing me over its head. I ended up landing on my shoulder breaking my collarbone. I was eight years old at the time. We also took our cows to bluff bench (just north of bluff about 5 miles) for the winter. Then in the spring we would drive them back to Monticello. It would take four days.

During my youth years I spent a lot of time riding horses. I had several horses. The first one was called Smith. He was a big work horse. We could put four or five kids on him at a time. He was really fun and gentle horse. The next horse I got was a little bay pony. I called him little boy. He was the one I was riding when I broke my collarbone. Our neighbor had a really nice black horse that he asked me to ride to give it exercise. I would ride it around 2 or three times a week. During rodeo time he asked me to ride it in the horse race. I was about 10 at the time. We raced and got second place.

One of the games we played was kick the can. The only other thing I did was play ball. I loved to play any sport that had a ball in it. I played Little League baseball. I was the catcher and would play basketball with the neighbor boys that were a lot older than me. I was glad they let me play with them.

Dad was a hardworking, quiet man. He was the one that his father looked to for riding the range and care for the cattle. It was said that he had the ability to remember every cow and calf and give his father a full account of their whereabouts and condition. He loved his work, and he was successful in whatever he undertook to do. He was very compassionate and was quick to do something nice for you when he could see that you were in the dumps. One of our neighbors said of him "a finer more upright and honest man never lived". Mom was a very competitive person. She did not like to lose. When she would play a game and she wasn't winning she would change the rules so she would win. She could have a fiery temperament. She always looked after us kids. One day a lady called mom and said that I was driving too fast in their neighborhood and I might hit one of the kids that was playing in the road. Mom's response was, "the kids shouldn't be playing in the road". Mom's hobby was making quilts. She made hundreds of baby quilts and gave them to the new moms. She was very generous. She was a very good cook. Steve was also quiet and a hard worker. Everything he touched seemed to turn to gold. He was always looking for opportunities to better himself. After starting his electrical business, he went in partners with Keith Shumway and built the bowling alley. Then the Canyon motel, then went in business with Calvin Black and they built halls crossing Marina on Lake Powell. Steve never did know his father. He was killed in a hunting accident. When he was climbing through a fence, the gun went off and killed him. Mom was pregnant with Steve at the time. Dad was the only father he knew. He was stubborn and wild in his days but also made a big change in his life.

I can't remember much about Clyda and Ardith while I was growing up. They were a few years older than me. Rye and I did a lot of things together. He was kind and willing to help in any way he could. Mom says that she learned how to cook a lot of things from mom. Mom taught us how to make grape jam. I can't remember us having any toys. I called Rye and he said we didn't have any toys and that we played with the Jensen's toys.

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My favorite thing I liked to do was ride horses. We never went on a trip out of town until I was around 8 years old. We loved to go to the mountains and have cookouts. When I was young there was a lot of pine nuts in the area and gathering them was one of the fun things to do. We would get large flower sacks full of pine nuts. We would also go pick wild chokecherries and mom would make jam. I had several chores around the house. I mowed the lawn, cut wood for the fireplace, fed the chickens and pigs and milked cows. We always had fresh eggs and milk until I was nine years old. Our milk cow was really mean and if we got into the yard where we kept her, she would charge after us and we would need to get over the fence before she got to us. I made it all the time, but Rye didn't. She caught him and knocked him over and stood over him with her head down right on Rye. She was madder than heck just blowing air out of her nose and mouth. Dad had to come out and chase her off. We all got quite a laugh out of it except Rye. We also had a horse that would bite you if you weren't paying attention when you were around him. We didn't have enough money for us to get an allowance. We would work and we would get enough to go to the movies once a month. I would get around \$0.25 to \$0.50 a month. That's why we always tried to sneak into the movies. One of our friends would try and keep the ticket taker busy while the others sneaked in. If we got money, it didn't stay around long. We lived about 1/2 of a block from the school and it was a chore to get me there. My first grade teacher was Mrs Ogden and she was mean (that's giving her a compliment). One class time she gave me the word Kat to spell and she said I spelled it wrong. KKK K-a-t. She said I would have to stay after school, so at lunchtime I went home and hid under my bed until school was out. Because of that I had both mom and Mrs Ogden mad at me. Finally, I learned to spell Cat. My favorite class was recess. I didn't have any interest in school until I got into junior high. Our elementary school was grades 1 through 6 and our junior high and high school was in our high school building, grades 7 through 12. We had around 300 students in grade 7 through 12. My favorite class was math. I tried band and tried to play the clarinet (bad idea). I did enjoy my shop class. I just worked hard enough to be able to play sports. In junior high, 7th and 8<sup>th</sup>, they had the junior pentathlon. The sports were 100 yard dash, shotput, high jump, broad jump, and basketball. In 7th grade I placed third in the state and 8th grade I was second.

After high school I went to LDS business college in Salt Lake. I was studying accounting. I only went one year. My freshman year I played basketball, football, and wrestling. I wrestled and my freshman year I lost one match which was the state meet where I took second in state. My sophomore year I was just getting ready for one of my matches and my basketball coach pulled me over and told me to take it easy because I was going to be starting on the varsity basketball game that night. I quit wrestling and was a starter on the basketball team the rest of my school time. Rye was the other guard. We didn't have a large center. Our tallest man was 6 foot. We had a hard time playing with the tall teams. When I was a sophomore we were playing Blanding and my cousin Johnny Nielson was averaging 31 points a game and it was my job to guard him. I held him to four points. That same year we were playing them in baseball and Johnny was pitching. My coach said he couldn't pitch to left-handed batters so he told me to bat left-handed (I hadn't batted left-handed since Little League). He threw me a slow curveball and I hit a double off of him. Then when we were going to BYU he would call me up and he would go to the gym and play 2 on 2. We were pretty good.

When I was at LDS business college, they had a basketball team and I played with them. After one particular game, there was an article in the paper the next day about our game. We were a fair team and it said I don't know why some college hasn't picked this kid up. While at BYU I bowled for them and we won the intermountain bowling conference that year. I had an average of 193 which was the best on

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the team. In high school I only weighed around 100 pounds. That was not good in football. I had both knees operated on, I broke my collarbone, and got the nickname chopper. At practice one day, I tackled a senior (Dave Adams) and then I started hitting him like I was chopping wood, so he started calling me chopper. I didn't play football my senior year. I wanted to be healthy for basketball. When mom and I were in the 17th ward in Mesa, we had a good basketball team and won the steak tournament and then went on to play in the regional tournament. We didn't win but I was chosen as the guard on the All Star team. I also played on a fast pitch softball league. I was the catcher on the team. Our pitcher (Lloyd Matthews) wasn't really fast but he could throw a lot of junk (Curveballs, change ups). After he struck out a batter one game, the batter threw down his bat and said "Damnit, this is a fast pitch league"!

I also bowled on the scratch leagues. It was a five man team. We won the state tournament, then went on to bowl in the national tournament in Reno NV. That was a great experience. I had the high average on our team at the national tournament. When I was 14 to 15 years old I played baseball with the 16 to 18 year old kids. I was the catcher on their team. We were playing at Dove Creek. One game we had two out and a 3-2 count on the batter and I gave the signal for a curveball. There was a runner on third base. He tried to come home on the pitch. I stepped out to block the plate and he slid into me and broke my ankle. (the pitch was a strike). That ended my baseball for the summer.

I also played on the men's fast pitch league in Monticello when I was 15. I also caught for them.

Uncle Steve Had an old Jeep and I would drive it around town with no driver's license. The cops would never catch me driving. That's because I was real careful about avoiding them. One day I was sitting in the Jeep on Main Street right across the street from the motor parts store. We had a game in Blanding that night and Bob, our captain on the team and also a highway patrolman, came down the street and saw me sitting in the Jeep. He pulled over in front of the motor parts store and motioned for me to come over. I figured he wanted to talk about the game, so I started up the Jeep and drove over to him. (That was a bad move). He wrote me up for no driver's license. Dad took me to court and the judge told me that he was letting me off but if I got another ticket I would be in big trouble. I was careful the rest of my high school year (that doesn't mean I didn't drive until I got my license).

I always was a hard worker. If I wasn't helping dad on the ranch, I would work with Steve. One summer I worked the night shift at the gas station from 10 PM to 6 AM. During the school year I worked at the bowling alley. I would work the counter at night a couple of times a week and on weekends when I wasn't playing sports. I was a janitor every morning and learn to be the mechanic on the machines. If a machine broke down, I had to get it running before league started up in the evenings and a lot of occasions I was late for school. I would tell them what I was doing, and they would excuse me. I got along with all my teachers and I think they just gave me passing grades so I could play sports. My freshman year I decided I was going to really try harder at school. The one class I really struggled with was science. My teacher was Mr. Jackson. I know I had to do good in this class or he wouldn't let me play. At the time I was taking a typing class, so I decided I would type my notebook. I put together a real nice notebook with pictures, drawings and everything. When he graded it, he had given me a D on it. I took it back up to him and asked him what was wrong with the notebook, and he said that's not your work. I told him it was and he said that's you are great. I picked up the book and started walking out of class. He asked me where I was going and I told him I was going to the principal's office. I showed Mr. Burr, the principal, the notebook. He looked it over and said go back to the class and I will take care of this. I said nope I will not take another class from Mr. Jackson. He said well, then go to study hall. My

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senior year Mr Burr called me into his office and told me I needed a science class to graduate. I told him, not if Mr Jackson is teaching it. After a long discussion he said go take a Physiology class from coach Thacker and I will count that as your science class. I graduated.

I don't remember many of the fads. Mom wore her hair in a beehive style. Your mom was pretty.

My childhood heroes were Mickey Mantle, Roger Maris, Whitey Ford. All the New York Yankees. I would watch them and follow them.

I only liked two types of music. Country and western. I listened to a radio station out of Oklahoma. It was KOMA. It played all the popular songs of the day and we could only get reception at night so we would go park and listen to KOMA and make out. I liked Jim Reeves, Charlie Pride, Patsy Cline, Floyd Cramer, George Jones, Loretta Lynn, Dolly Parton, and many more.

I had a little black dog that was my pet. I called her lady. She would always have male dogs come around. My dad would catch them, then get a paper sack and put a few small rocks in it and tie it to the dog's tail. The dog couldn't tell what the noise was behind them and would take off running trying to get away from the paper sack that was following them. It made quite a laugh and a sight to see.

I can't remember much about church when I was young. Mom and dad weren't very active so we didn't go much. When I was around 12 I would go with my friends. I would go almost every Sunday. During one Sunday school class I was chewing bubble gum. I leaned back my head and blew a big bubble. Our teacher was brother Christianson and he only had his thumb and one finger on his right hand. He grabbed my throat and started to squeeze really hard. I thought he was going to break my windpipe. It hurt really bad. That put an end to my Sunday school for a while. Later on, when I was around 14 or 15, during sacrament meeting my friends and I would sneak out of church and go into the parking lot looking for cars that had keys left in them. When we found one, we knew we had about 20 to 30 minutes to go joyriding. So, we would take the car and ride around town. We never got caught, but one time we took the car that was parked along the Main Street and when we came back, somebody had taken our parking spot so we parked it in the church parking lot. We didn't hang around to see what the reaction of the car owner was when they saw their car wasn't where they left it.

I really liked my seminary teacher. Because of him I learned about the church and the importance of following its teachings. He instilled in me a desire to go on a mission. After I graduated from high school I came to Mesa one summer to work. I worked for my cousin, Darrell Black, at a Valley Fence Company and he lived with uncle Alvin and Aunt Buela (mom's sister). It was a good experience to work away from home but it was really hot. At first, I struggled with the heat but finally got where I could bear it. After a month or so, Aunt Buela asked me what I was going to do with my life and just without any thought I said I'm going to go on a mission to Argentina. A week later I packed up and came home to Monticello. I went to church with mom and dad and after church I told them I had something to do and I would walk home. I found the Bishop and asked if I could talk to him. I expressed my desire to go on a mission and I think it really surprised him. At the time there wasn't many boys in our ward that were going on missions. He said let's get started on it. When I got home, I went into the living room where mom and dad were and they could tell I had something on my mind so they asked where I had been. When I told them that I had talked to the Bishop about going on a mission they about fell out of their chairs. Then it all turned to joy and happiness. That was the first time I let them know I had a desire to serve a mission. We sent in the papers and a few weeks later I came home, and mom came running out

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of the house waving a paper yelling "guess where you are going! Guess where you are going! To Argentina"! I went to the language training mission in Provo to learn Spanish but was unable to learn. I learned later that because of my hearing it would be hard to learn a foreign language. So, they sent me to the British Isles, British South mission. I'll write more about my mission later. I didn't have many real close friends. There was a group of us that ran around together and as I mentioned earlier that I did a lot of things with kids older than me. I just like to tag along with the older boys. Rye Was probably my best friend. Jack young is someone I went in on a room with in Salt Lake when I went to LDS business college. David Adams was one of the rich kids in town and he had a nice basketball court in his backyard. I spent a lot of time there bothering him and playing ball. He was three years older than me. My other neighbor had a basketball stand at his house also. Stanley Barton and Boyd Rasmussen we're best friends and real good athletes and I looked up to them. I would go over to their place and play ball as much as I could. The event that made an impact in my life was when I had learned that they both had been killed in an auto accident and the driver of the car was under the influence of alcohol. I said right then that if that is what alcohol does to you, I will never have anything to do with it and I've lived up to that commitment. Both mom and dad were good cooks. Dad would always leave early in the morning to go to the ranch so he would make his own breakfast a lot of the time. I would be up and eat with him. We would usually have eggs and bacon and toast and pancakes and they were always good. During the winter months when dad didn't go out early, he would make us breakfast before we went to school. They were always good breakfasts and with our toast we would always have jam that mom made. Mom made grape jam, apricot jam and choke cherry jam. Our evening meal was always a sit down meal with everyone and both mom and dad would prepare it. When mom was working at the grocery store, dad would prepare the meal and have it ready when she got home from work. Dad made biscuits all the time. Hot biscuits and jam was the best. We loved them. We would have roast, steak, and pork chops with potatoes and gravy and we also liked cream corn, cream peas and cream string beans. We usually ate real well. Mom would also make baked bread and she would make four or five loaves at a time. She would usually give one of them to us kids right when it came out of the oven. We would tear it open and dig out the warm bread. It was a real treat. My favorite meal was probably steak and potatoes and gravy with corn.

When in high school, we would come home from lunch and mom would have a meal prepared to take down to grandma Bailey. It was usually soup and a sandwich. It was either Rye or I that would take it down to her. she lived by herself. Grandpa Bailey was killed when he was taking a load of cows to price. He was crossing the railroad track and was hit by a train. That was February 14th 1930 and grandma was a widow for 37 years. She died February 17th 1967. Grandma had a big tree in her front yard and we would spend a lot of time playing there. I always enjoyed going to her home. I remember doing her washing. She had an old wringer washer that set just outside her back door and a big long clothesline that we hung all the laundry on. I have pictures of the article when grandpa was killed and a picture of grandma and grandpa. The picture of grandma is how I remember her the most. I have another picture of the whole family with the horse and buggy. The children by oldest youngest was Charlotte, Anna Eva, Bernice, Beatrice (mom's twin sister), Angus Reed, Lucile, Wallace, Doyle, and Beula. I spent a lot of time with Grandpa Nielson. He lived with us for a few years. In the summer we had a little cabin out on judge Keller's ranch that he would go stay in. It was about 12 feet wide and 20 feet long. It had a bed at one end and a little table and a wood burning stove. There was no plumbing or electricity. We had a kerosene lamp for lighting and just an ice box to kind of keep things cool. Grandpa had an interesting life. He did a lot of things. He was born in Cedar City August 8th 1877. He was about three years old when his father Jens was called to settle southern Utah (Bluff). He stayed in Cedar City with his mother

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Katrine (Trena) Until her death on August 23rd 1844. He had one sister, Annetta and one brother freeman. They were brought to bluff where Elise, Jens first wife took them in and raised them as they were her own. Grandpa learned the ranching and cattle business from his dad. He went to school then went to Brigham Young Academy until he was called to serve in the southern states mission. While there, they were confronted by a mob that had a rope and threatened to hang them. Some members came and broke up the mob. Grandpa also had one of his companions die and he was given the responsibility to take the body by train back to his home. I guess I got my bad hearing from grandpa because he couldn't hear either.

when I was growing up, one of the Christmas traditions we had was a Bailey family Christmas party. It was a big gathering, and it was usually in the church building in Blanding. Santa would come and we all got a little gift. It was with all of mom's brothers and sisters families. I always looked forward to it. On Christmas we would have socks we hung on the fireplace. We would get peanuts, gum, and an apple and orange. Then the Christmas gift we always got was the book of lifesavers and a shirt and Levis. I did get a cowboy hat once and Rye and I got a bike to share. We got a saddle one year also. We didn't get a lot of material things, but we did get a lot of love. We knew our mom and dad loved us and did everything they could to make sure we were happy. We were blessed to have such a wonderful loving home.

I thought I was rich because I had my own house and my own saddle. (what else did you need). I love to go out to the ranch with dad. He didn't talk much. He would always teach me by example. He would give me a shovel and show me the best way to irrigate the hayfields. Then he would say this is how you pick up a Bale of hay and throw it on the wagon. Then he would show the technique. I could lift and throw a bail of hay that weighed about as much as me on the wagon. I hauled a lot of hay during my teen years. There was a Creek that came off from the Blue Mountain called north Creek. It came down by Carlisle. They're the farmers would divert it to the forms. Each farmer would take it for a certain amount of time. The Watergate was about 3 miles from our farm. Dad would take me to the gate, give me a pitchfork and tell me to make sure all the tumbleweeds we're out of the ditch so the water would run through the ditch better. He would tell me to stay ahead of the water. The tumbleweeds are a lot easier to get out of the ditch dry then wet. He would give me a few minutes head start before he turned the water down the ditch. I had to keep moving pretty fast to keep ahead of the water. (My first lesson on setting goals) my goal was to stay ahead of the water. One thing I love to do was when I would get out of school and I knew dad was out on the tractor plowing a field, I would go by the Dairy Queen and ask Ralph, the owner, to make me a special caramel malt paired he would ask "are you taking it to your dad" and I would say yes. He would say I'll make it extra thick. He knew it would take me about 20 minutes to get to the ranch. Dad loved caramel malts. There are so many stories about my dad and grandparents. These stories can be found if you just research them. You will learn that you came from a very good stock and that they were very loving and compassionate and generous with their time and means. They all had a testimony of the gospel. My dad always had his scriptures by his chair and read them often. Great grandpa Jens was probably the one I would say was famous. In all the trials that he went through after joining the church, the persecution he went through, and then giving his money to the church so that others could have means to cross the plains.

The only recipe that my mom gave to mom and I was her peanut brittle. I have grandma Bailey's dining room table. We have kept it and used it since we we're married. I don't have many pictures but I think that artist and Steve have a few pictures. I have some Navajo rugs that mom and dad have had for years and I have my dad's 3030 rifle that he used for deer hunting.

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I met mom in Monticello while she was working in the hospital as a registered nurse. She was renting our basement with her friend Turley Barker. I was home from Pinetop Arizona where I was working with Steve. While I was home I was working with Lyle Johnson down on the reservation at Wite Mesa. We were putting electricity to the homes that were already built there and also building a trading post and a motel in Monument Valley. I was outside one afternoon when she came home. We talked and I asked her if she wanted to go to a movie. She agreed so he went to the movie in Blanding. I had her memorize this saying on our first date. "1 Duck, 2 hens, 3 squawking geese, 4 pints of coagulated blood, 5 pairs of Donna varian tweezers, 6 cupless corpses, 7 Macedonian warriors in full battle array, 8 old men with a marked propensity toward percussionists and sloth, 9 magnificent marvelous Mormon missionaries, 10 dehydrated Kangaroos soaked in sauerkraut, 11 viles of consecrated worm sweat".

When I proposed to mom, we were living in Mesa. She was working at Mesa General Hospital and I was working with Steve. Every year they had a San Juan party at pioneer park. All the people from San Juan that lived in Mesa would all gather and have a potluck party. We decided to go and mom was going to make a Jello carrot salad. I got the bag of carrots out of the fridge and opened them and put mom's ring on one of the carrots and put it back in the fridge. When mom opened the bag, she said look there is a ring on this carrot. Then she realized that it was her engagement ring. She was ecstatic. It was great and we had a wonderful day. we were married May 1st 1969 in the Salt Lake temple by Eugene England. He was the temple president of the London temple when I was on my mission and I got to know him real well. While working in the mission home we went to the temple often. Our mission president would have one or two districts attend the temple and we would go from the mission home and he would interview the elders and sisters there. It was a great experience. When we entered the temple on our wedding morning he was working in the temple at Salt Lake. I asked him if he could marry us and he said he would love to. Mom and I decided that we would go camping for our honeymoon. So, we had our camping equipment all loaded up in Rye's Jeep and after the wedding we headed out. We drove to Eli Nevada and found a little hotel and booked a room. Mom was so scared and she wanted to go home. I don't know if she was going to hang in there but she has for 53 years. Mom is a very loving person and she loves her children and grandchildren. she has a strong testimony of the church and follows its teachings the best that she can. She encourages me to do the same. She is a great example, a great teacher and loves to talk, especially to her children and grandchildren. She always wants to know everything they are doing. Her greatest joy is when one of them calls just to talk. Mom has always been so beautiful. I don't know why I chose to be an electrician as my profession. I just started working as an electrician to make money and then enjoyed it so I stayed with it. I've always thought that I would have like to be a rancher and farmer. I think one of the most important things I've learned from my dad was hard work and that your reward for hard work is not instant reward. I learned that there was to be a seed planted, water, and care for that seed to get what you want appeared and the more you take care of it, the better the chances of reaping the reward of your hard work. And to be honest in your dealings. the thing I'm most proud of is that I married a very special lady that had seven very special children that I love very much and I'm proud of them. I want people to know that I loved my wife and children and that I had a testimony of the church and try to follow its teachings and tried to be honest in all my dealings